Loeccolman™
Bad Girls
SEELEY
FLEECS
SIMPSON
SOBREIRO
REBER
image

STORY & ART
TIM SEELEY
TONY FLEECS

WITH COLORS BY
BRAD SIMPSON
FELIPE SOBREIRO
BRIAN REBER

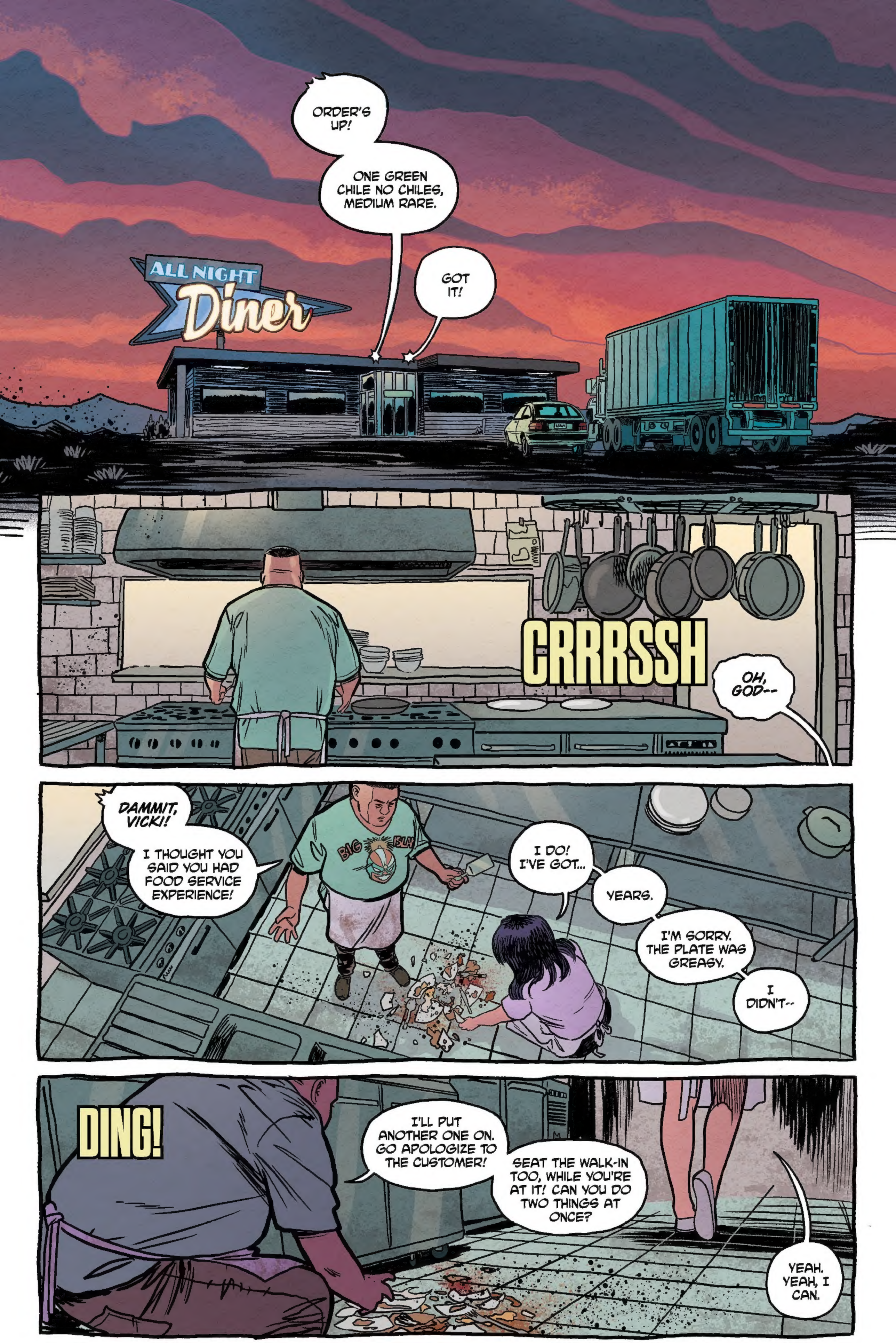
COVERS
TIM SEELEY
BRIAN REBER

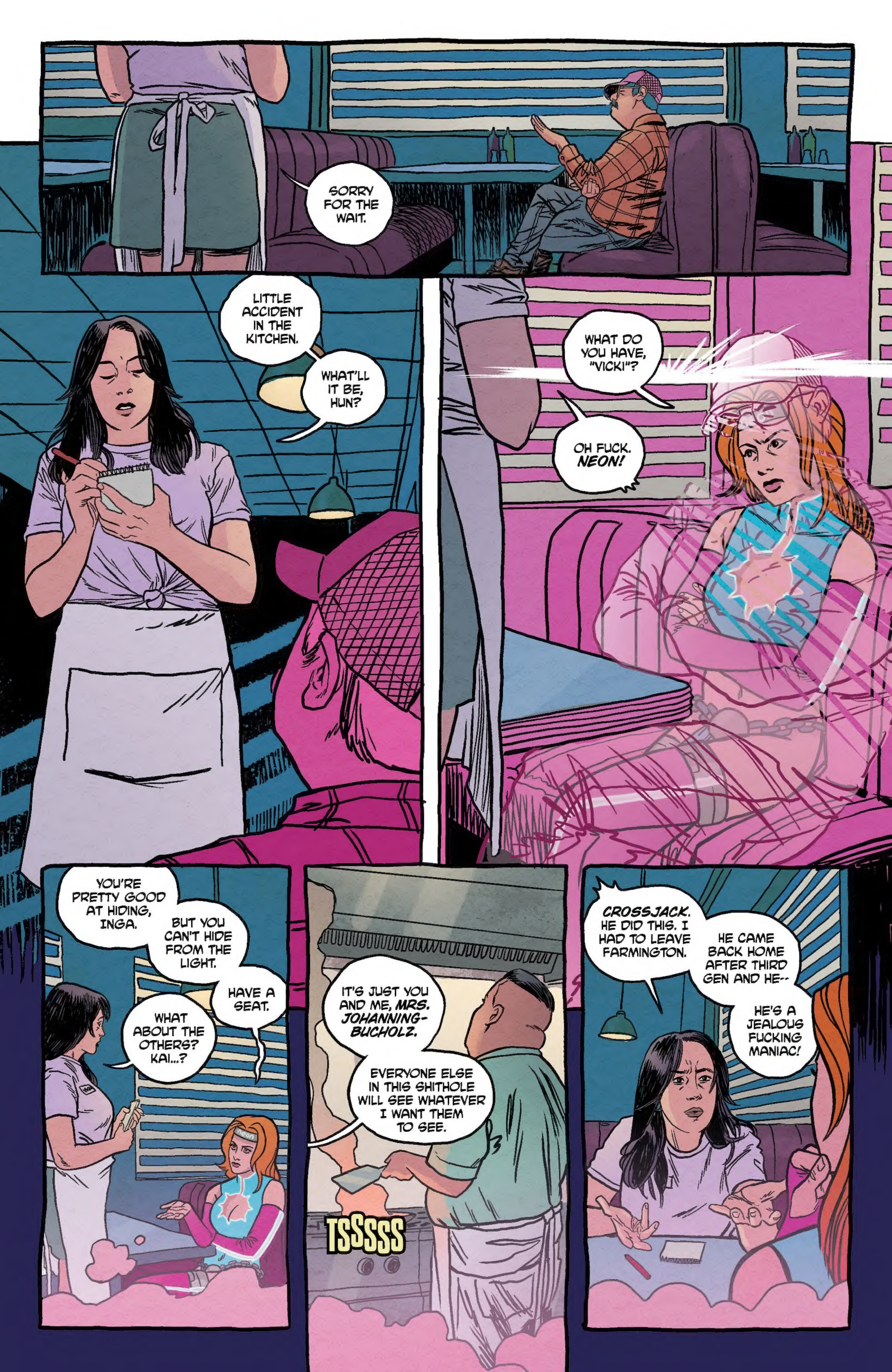
IMAGE COMICS

ROBERT KIRKMAN - ERIK LARSEN - TODD McFARLANE - MARC SILVESTRI - JIM VALENTINO ERIC STEPHENSON - NICOLE LAPALME - LEANNA CAUNTER - SUE KORPELA - LORELEI BUNJES - EMILIO BAUTISTA - DIRK WOOD - RYAN BREWER - ALEX COX JON SCHLAFFMAN - MARGOT WOOD - CHLOE RAMOS - KAT SALAZAR - DEANNA PHELPS - DREW FITZGERALD - HEATHER DOORNINK - IAN BALDESSARI - DREW GILL - MELISSA GIFFORD - ERIKA SCHNATZ - WESLEY GRIFFITH - RICH FOWLKS

IMAGECOMICS.COM

LOCAL MAN: BAD GIRLS SPECIAL™ MARCH, 2024 Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: PO BOX 14457, Portland, OR 97293. Copyright © 2024 Tim Seeley & Tony Fleecs. All rights reserved. "Local Man," its logos, and the likenesses of all characters herein are trademarks of Tim Seeley & Tony Fleecs. WITCHBLADE, VELOCITY, CYBLADE, BALLISTIC & RIPCLAW are TM & © Top Cow Productions, Inc. MADDIE WARNER, SCRAP & SLINGSHOT are TM & © Jay Faerber & Mahmud A. Asrar. RACKET & THE OTHERS are TM & © Jim Valentino. SHE-DRAGON is TM & © Erik Larsen. BOOTLEG is TM & © Todd Nauck. LOVEBUNNY & MR. HELL are TM & © Tim Seeley & Brendan Hay. "Image" and the Image Comics logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for journalistic or review purposes), without the express written permission of Tim Seeley & Tony Fleecs, or Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, or places, without satirical intent, is coincidental. DIGITAL EDITION. For international rights, contact: foreignlicensing@imagecomics.com.

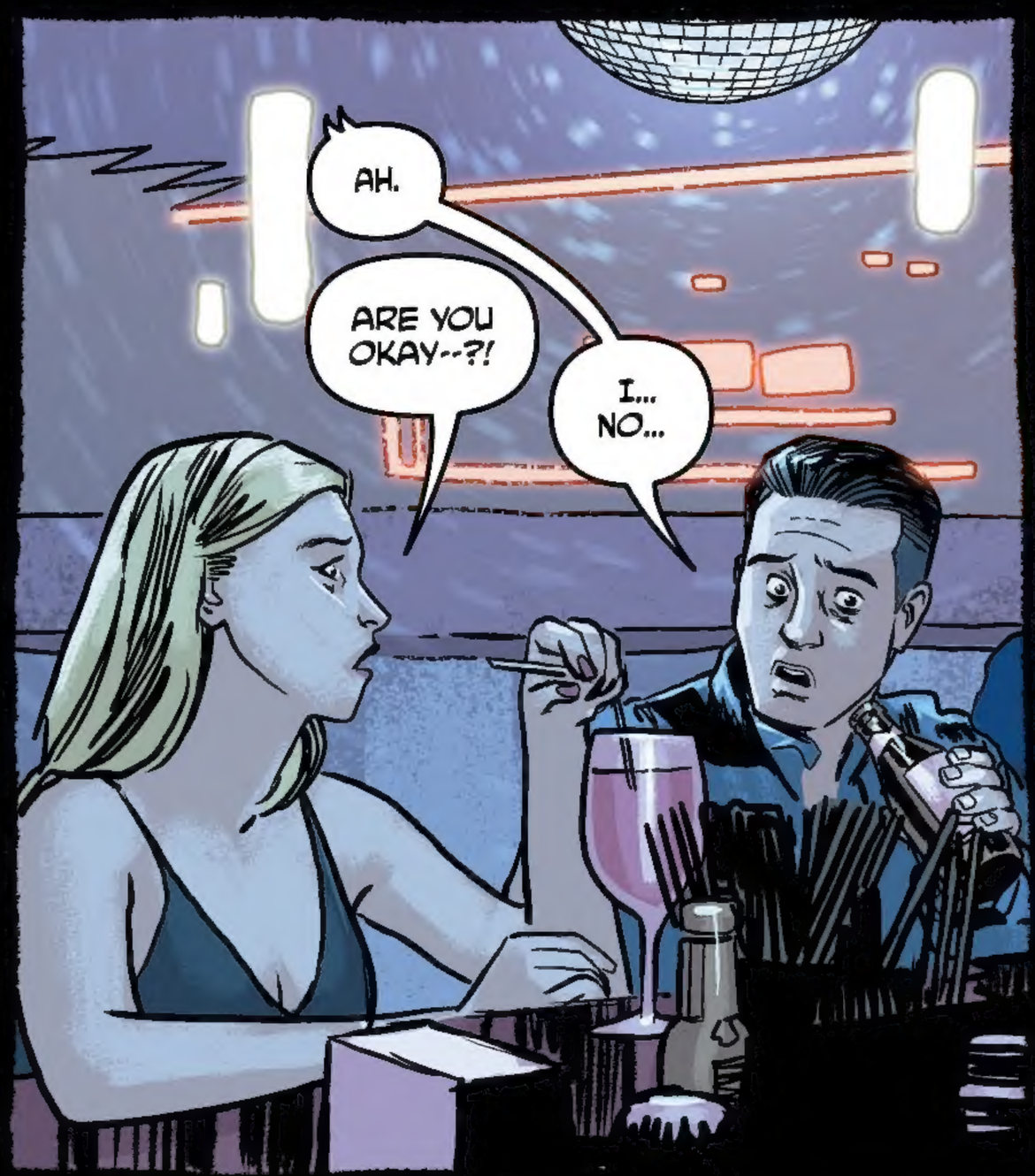

ORDER'S UP!
ONE GREEN CHILE NO CHILES, MEDIUM RARE.
GOT IT!
ALL NIGHT Diner
CRRRSSH
OH, GOD--
DAMMIT, VICKI!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD FOOD SERVICE EXPERIENCE!
I DO! I'VE GOT...
YEARS.
I'M SORRY. THE PLATE WAS GREASY.
I DIDN'T--
DING!
I'LL PUT ANOTHER ONE ON. GO APOLOGIZE TO THE CUSTOMER!
SEAT THE WALK-IN TOO, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT! CAN YOU DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE?
YEAH. YEAH, I CAN.


SORRY FOR THE WAIT.
LITTLE ACCIDENT IN THE KITCHEN.
WHAT'LL IT BE, HUN?
WHAT DO YOU HAVE, "VICKI"?
OH FUCK. NEON!
YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT HIDING, INGA.
BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM THE LIGHT.
HAVE A SEAT.
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? KAI...?
IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, MRS. JOHANNING-BUCHOLZ.
EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS SHITHOLE WILL SEE WHATEVER I WANT THEM TO SEE.
TSSSSS
CROSSJACK. HE DID THIS. I HAD TO LEAVE FARMINGTON.
HE CAME BACK HOME AFTER THIRD GEN AND HE--
HE'S A JEALOUS FUCKING MANIAC!

INGA. STOP.
YOU KNEW HIM FIRST, BUT I KNEW HIM LONGER. JACK IS A LOT OF THINGS. BUT HE'S NOT *THAT*.
YOU MIGHT KEEP LITTLE SECRETS FROM YOUR HUSBAND BUT THAT'S NOT HOW I OPERATE.
I KNOW ABOUT THE DEAL YOU MADE WITH *CAMO CRUSADER*.
ABOUT YOUR SUPERPOWERED LABORER BUSINESS AND THE LAUNDERING THROUGH YOUR WHOLE-GRAIN DONUT SHOP.
HOW CAMO TRIED TO EDGE YOU OUT, AND HOW YOU CLEANED IT ALL UP AFTER HE DIED.
AND *4TH GEN*. I KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO THE RECRUITS.
PEEKABOO. THE SLICK. MELTDOWN. KING BEE.
AND *SEASCAPE*...
...THE GIRL WHO BROUGHT A BIBLICAL FLOOD TO FARMINGTON.
ALL BECAUSE OF *YOU*.
WHAT DO YOU--
CAN I TELL YOU A STORY, INGA?
OF COURSE I CAN.
BUT I GUESS MAYBE IT'S MORE ACCURATE TO CALL IT A "FAIRY TALE..."

THERE WAS THIS SUPERVILLAIN.
SHE CALLED HERSELF
THE SIXTH
AS IN "THERE'VE ALREADY BEEN *FIVE MAJOR EXTINCTIONS* ON EARTH."
YOU CAN PROBABLY GUESS WHAT HER WHOLE THING WAS.
THIRD GEN HAD TAKEN HER DOWN A BUNCH OF TIMES BEFORE.
HARNESSING KILLER ASTEROIDS AND SOLAR FLARES WEREN'T EXACTLY SUBTLE PLANS.
SO, THIS TIME AROUND, SHE BUILT SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS OSTENTATIOUS...

BUT JUST AS EFFECTIVE.
...IT'S MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT.
I MEAN, IF YOU WERE REALLY MAKING LESS THAN THE GUYS, WOULDN'T YOUR COMPANY BE COMPELLED TO HIRE *MORE* OF YOU--


AH.
ARE YOU OKAY--?!
I... NO...

KRRSH

YOU PROBABLY RECALL WHEN A DOOMSDAY DEVICE PLUCKED *EVERY SINGLE MAN* OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH AND SHUNTED THEM OFF TO A NOWHERE DIMENSION.
EVERYBODY REMEMBERS WHERE THEY WERE WHEN *THE SEX BOMB* WENT OFF.

THE SIXTH'S LONG-TERM PLAN WAS TO MAKE SURE HUMANITY COULD NO LONGER PROPAGATE, ENSURING WE WENT THE WAY OF THE DINOSAURS.
OTHER EFFECTS WERE MORE IMMEDIATE.

EVERY SUPERHEROINE WE COULD CALL IN GATHERED AT THIRD GEN HQ.
MOST OF US WERE IN SHOCK.
WE'D JUST SEEN HUSBANDS, BOYFRIENDS, BROTHERS, SONS, AND DADS VANISH INTO THIN AIR.
MALE FETUSES GONE FROM PREGNANT BELLIES.
TENSIONS WERE HIGH. THE BLAME GAME WENT ON OVERDRIVE. OLD WOUNDS WERE REOPENED.
WE NEED A LEADER WHO'S AN EXPERIENCED TACTICIAN. WE CAN'T JUST FOLLOW SOMEONE SIMPLY BECAUSE SHE'S...
MADE OUT OF SIDE-WALK!
NO FUCKING WAY I TAKE SHIT FROM YOU, CYBER-SKANK!
BUT HALF THE WORLD WAS GONE, AND WE WERE WHAT WAS LEFT BEHIND.
HNH.
AH FUCK.
CAMO...
BABY...
JACK.
OH GOD, JACK.
SO WE DID WHAT WE HAD TO DO.

WITHIN A MONTH WE'D TAMED THE WORST OF THE EVENT'S ENSUING CATASTROPHES.
PAST GRIEVANCES WERE MOSTLY FORGOTTEN.
WE STARTED ADDING MORE MEMBERS TO THE CAUSE.
TURNS OUT A LOT OF OUR WORST ENEMIES COULD BE PAID JUST TO *NOT* DO CRIME.
AND I GUESS, WE ALL DECIDED WE MIGHT AS WELL START ADDRESSING THE PROBLEMS THAT EXISTED FROM BEFORE THE BOMB.
TAKING DOWN THE SIXTH JUST SORT OF TOOK A BACKSEAT.
UNTIL... HER.
LOVEBUNNY SAID SHE'D CHASED A BLUE WILD HORSE INTO A STREAM OUTSIDE SOME VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.
BETH TOOK LOSING *MR. HELL* PRETTY HARD.
WE THOUGHT SHE WAS OUT OF HER MIND.

WE WERE WRONG.
THE BOYS. THE ONES WHO CAME TO MY STREAM LAUGHING AND CATCHING FROGS. THE SWEET BOYS.
WHERE HAVE THE LITTLE CHILDREN GONE?
THE SIXTH. HER NAME IS THE SIXTH EXTINCTION.
SHE--SHE HAS A BASE...
IN CANADA, WE THINK.
WE STILL DON'T KNOW HOW SHE MOVED SO FAST.
MADDIE WARNER THEORIZED THAT SHE RODE THE CURRENTS OF AN OCEAN 400 MILES BELOW THE SURFACE ACROSS THE PLANET.
WHATEVER HAPPENED...

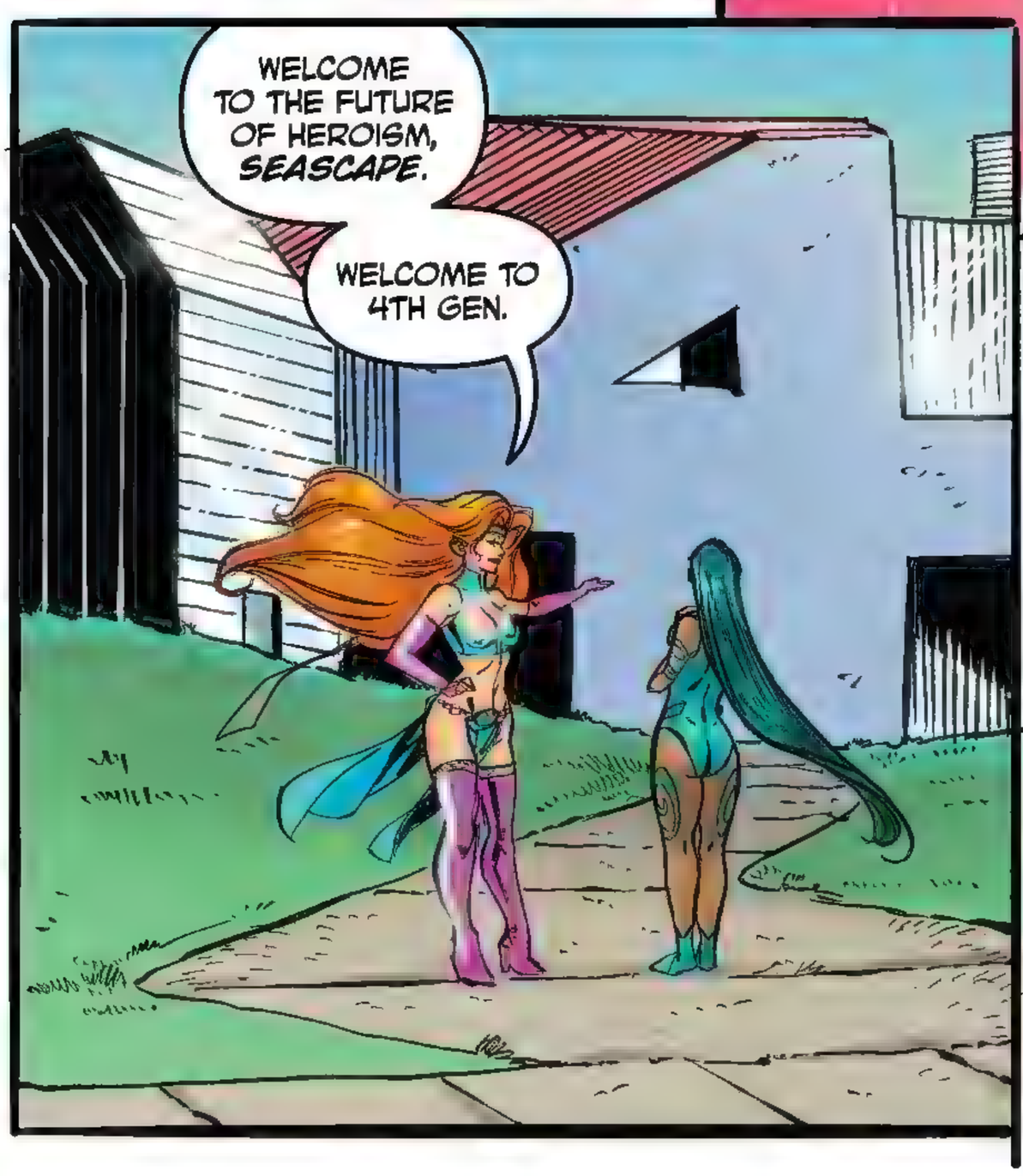
THE SIXTH DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HER.
HAHA
HEE
HEHE

IT WAS WORSE THAN DROWNING.
WITCHBLADE SAID SHE WAS LIKE A SPONGE. EVERY PORE, EVERY ORGAN WAS FILLED TO BURSTING.
HAHA
HAHA
THE SEX BOMB WAS REVERSED...
OUR MEN CAME BACK.
FATHERS. SONS. BROTHERS. HUSBANDS...

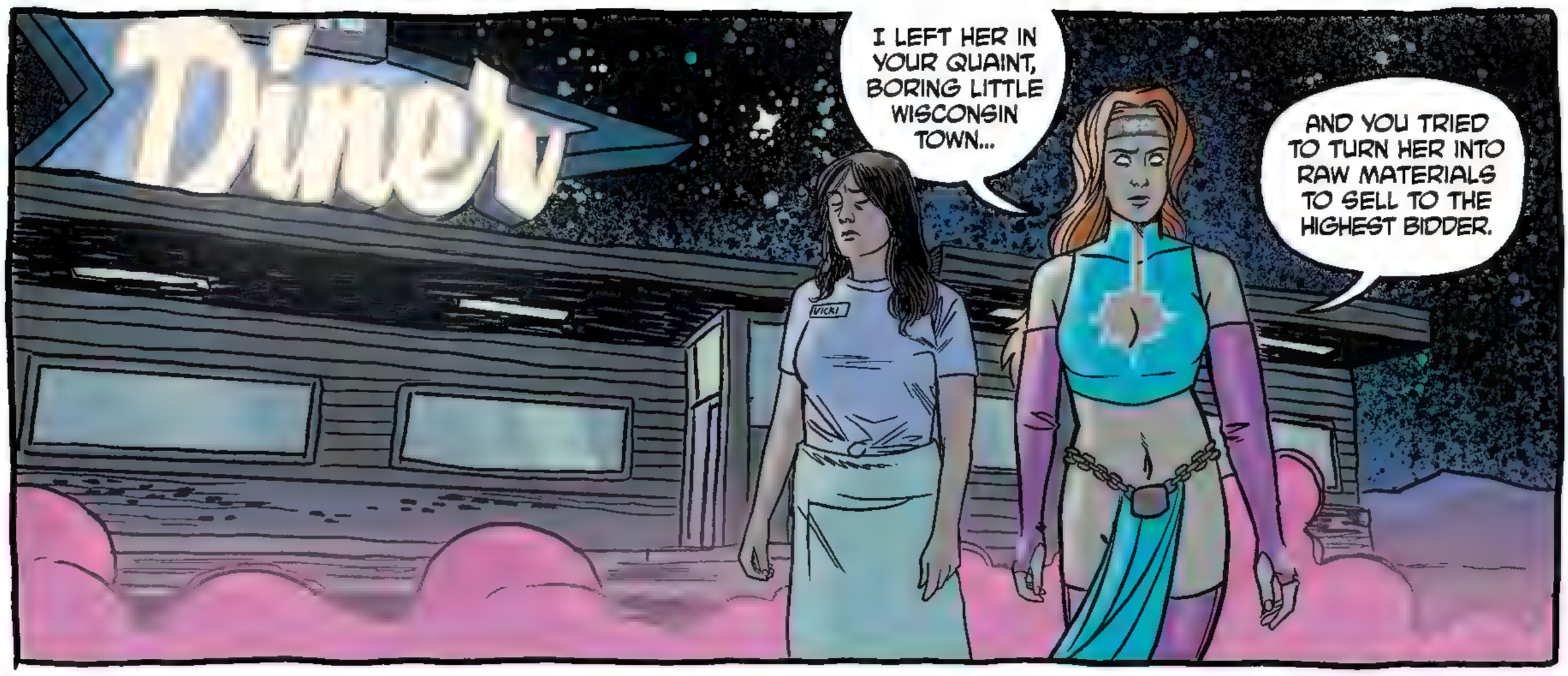
...BOYFRIENDS.

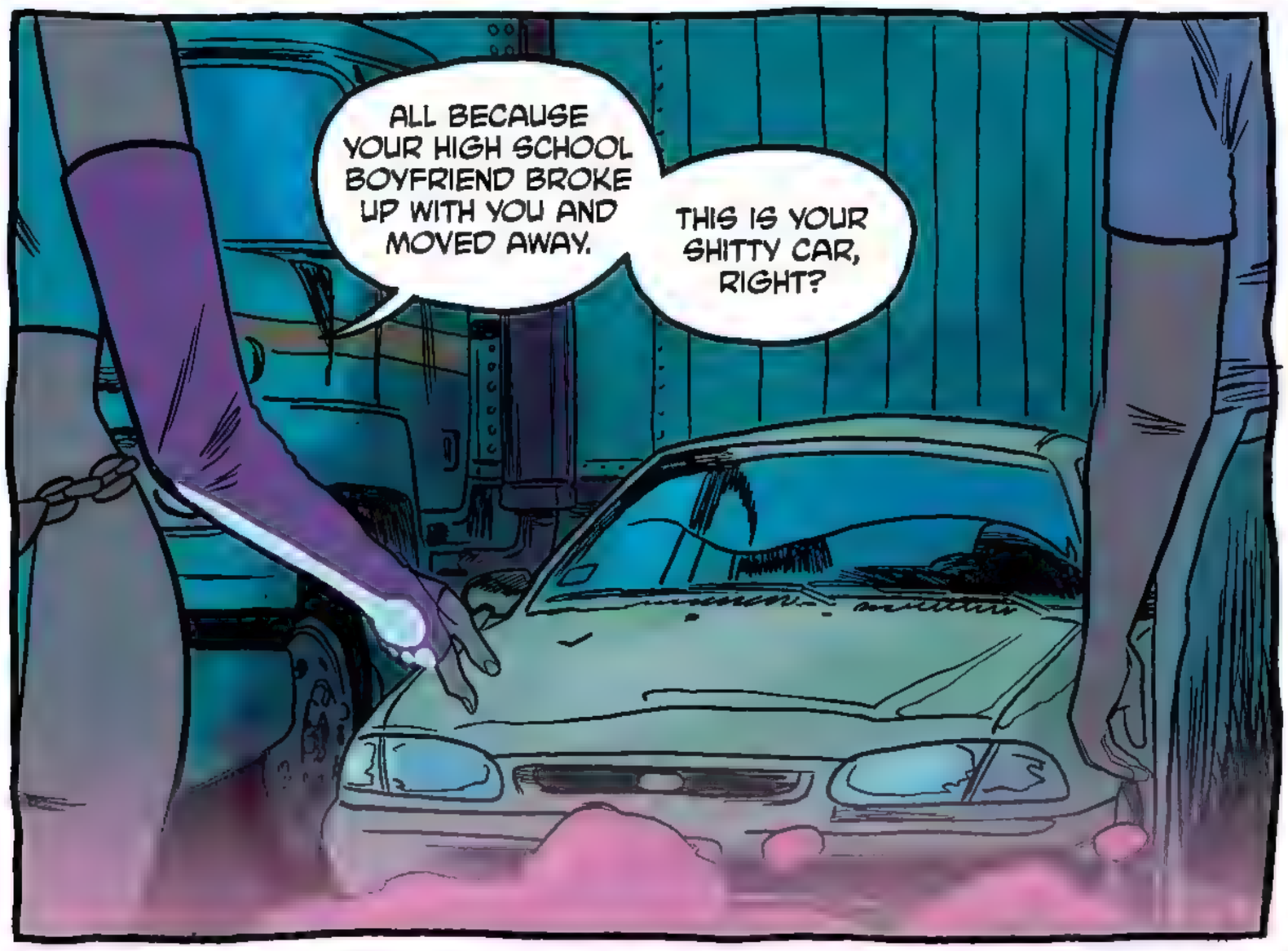
THE WORLD WENT BACK TO THE WAY IT WAS.
...THING WITH THAT KIND OF ENERGY IS, IT DOESN'T MAKE FOR SATISFYING CAREERS.
COMPUTERS AND SOLAR PANELS?
PFFH
DIGGING COAL, THAT'S A REAL JOB...

SO DID WE.
AND THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL RESPONSIBLE FOR IT?


WELCOME TO THE FUTURE OF HEROISM, SEASCAPE.
WELCOME TO 4TH GEN.

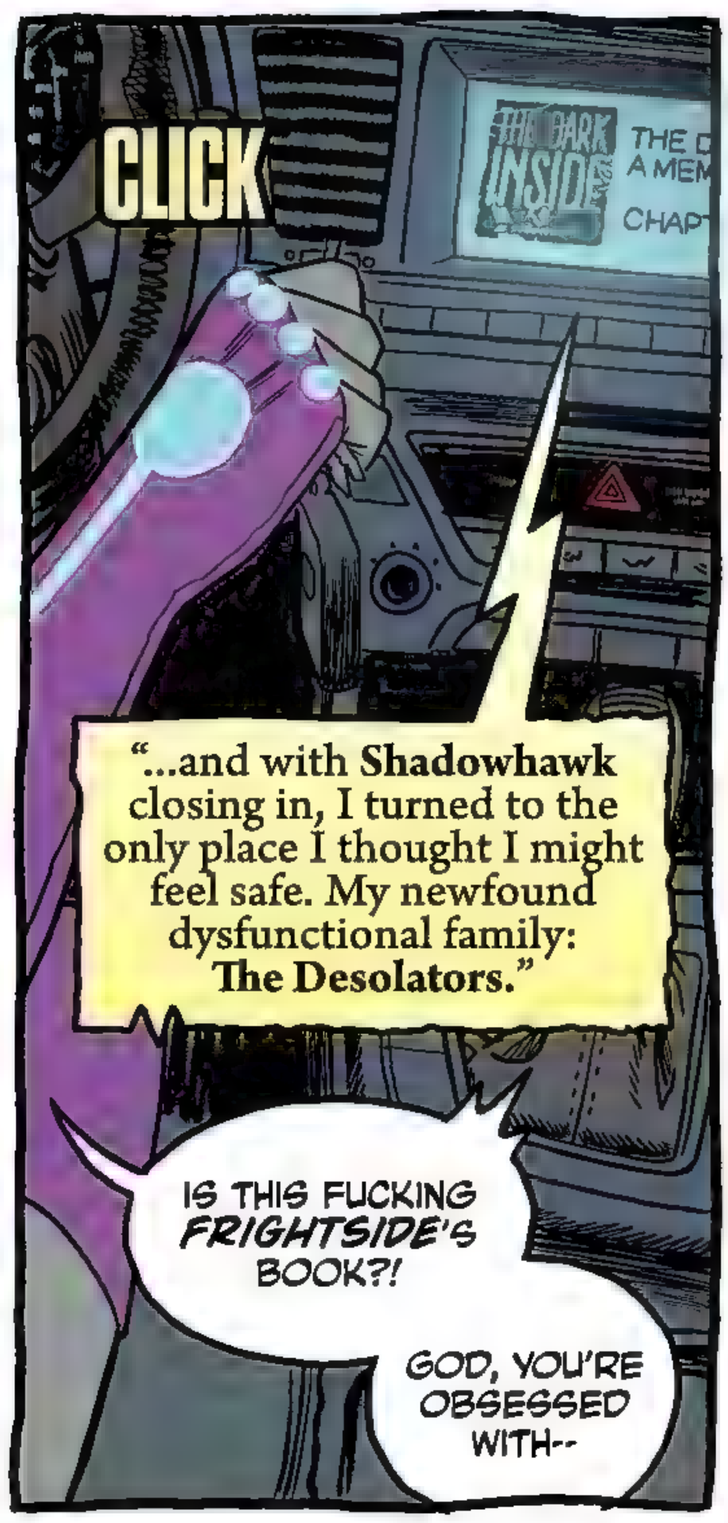
I THINK YOU'LL THRIVE IN FARMINGTON.


Diner
I LEFT HER IN YOUR QUAINT, BORING LITTLE WISCONSIN TOWN...
AND YOU TRIED TO TURN HER INTO RAW MATERIALS TO SELL TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.


ALL BECAUSE YOUR HIGH SCHOOL BOYFRIEND BROKE UP WITH YOU AND MOVED AWAY.
THIS IS YOUR SHITTY CAR, RIGHT?

GIVE ME THE KEYS.
I CAN'T-- WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WHEREVER I DRIVE US.

YOU CAN'T JUST--
PEOPLE WILL NOTICE IF I DISAPPEAR...
OH YEAH?

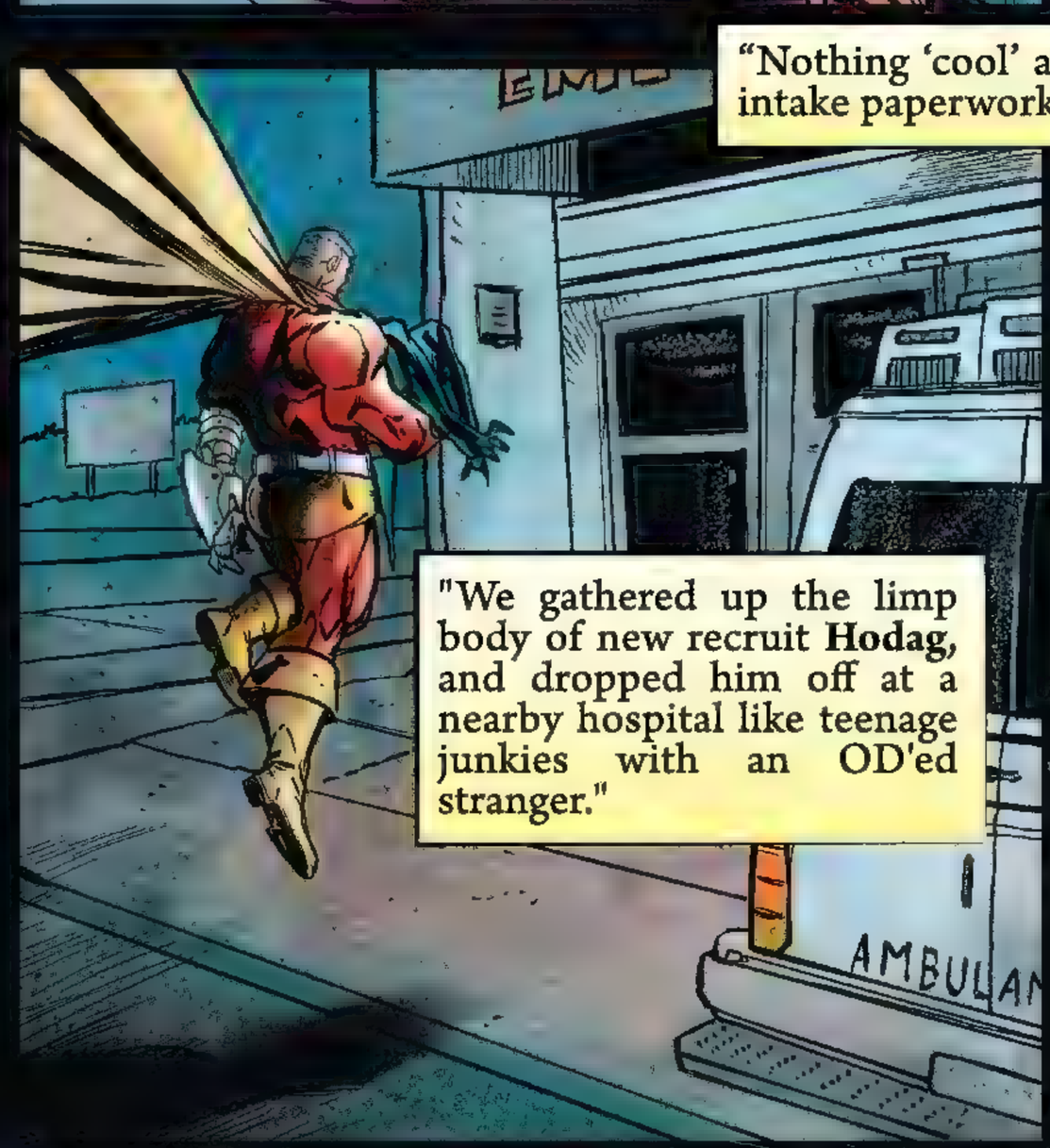

CLICK
"...and with **Shadowhawk** closing in, I turned to the only place I thought I might feel safe. My newfound dysfunctional family: **The Desolators.**"
IS THIS FUCKING *FRIGHTSIDE*'S BOOK?!
GOD, YOU'RE OBSESSED WITH--

VRRRRRNNNNNN
I PUT ON AUDIOBOOKS WHEN I DRIVE. IT KEEPS ME FROM THINKING ABOUT--
"Chapter 9: **Crossjack.**"

"Looking back on it now, with the benefit of years, I see so much of my life as a mercenary as a cry for help."
"My association with the Desolators was akin to a teenager hanging out with the 'wrong crowd;' the 'bad kids in leather jackets'."
"The ones smoking in the median, off school grounds."
"It was my need to be punished for the dark impulses that filled my mind... the very thoughts that had brought the Fright from his alien realm to me in the first place."
neon
"And punished I was."

"I awoke from a severe concussion in the Undisclosed. The 'Aphek Engine' we'd been hired to protect was gone. As was our client, The Faceless Horde."

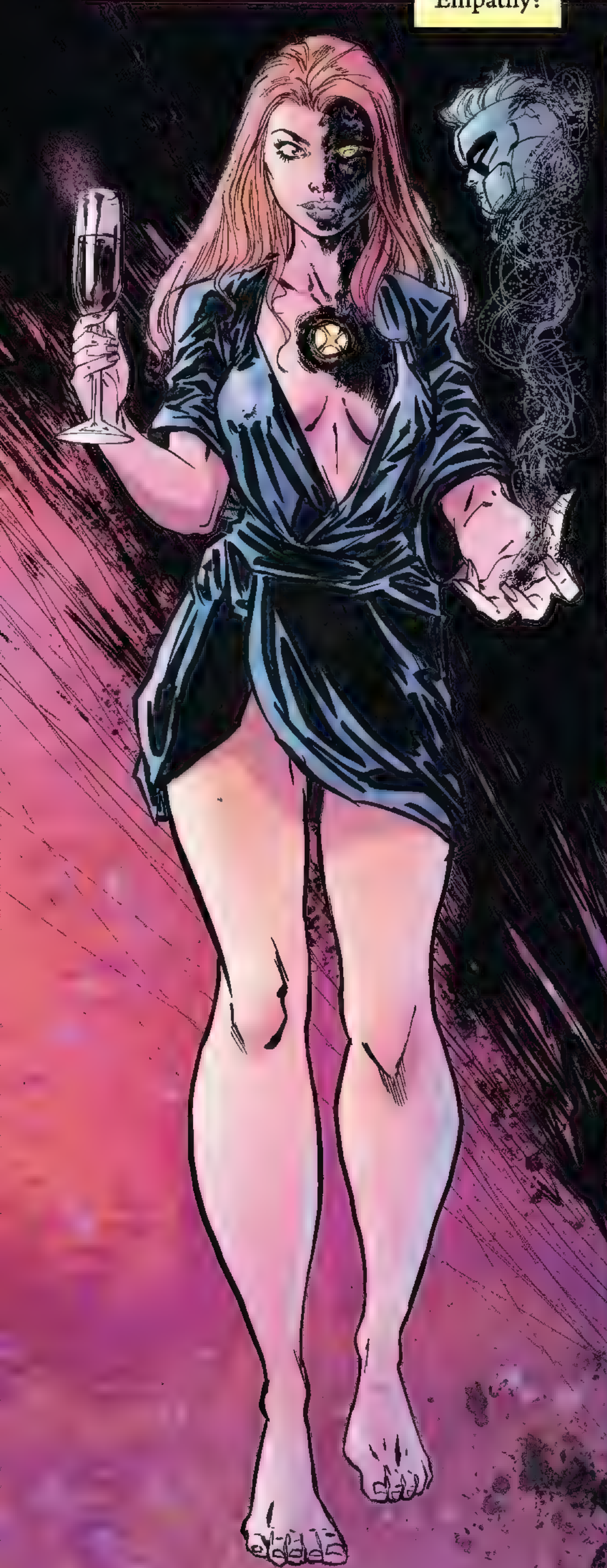
"And Third Gen, for all their heroic bluster, hadn't even bothered to take my teammates and I prisoner."
UH... HODAG?


"Nothing 'cool' about filling out intake paperwork, I suppose."
"We gathered up the limp body of new recruit Hodag, and dropped him off at a nearby hospital like teenage junkies with an OD'ed stranger."
AMBULAN

"And lacking anything to say to each other...the Desolators went home."

"I replayed the battle in my head all night."
"Neon always hated me. There was nothing new in her contemptuous glare. But the 'new kid.'"
"Crossjack..."

"In his indistinct Midwestern features, something else."
"Regret?"
"Empathy?"



"Or an overpowering need to prove himself, after being humiliated by the Camo Crusader."
"A need that I knew would make him more dangerous than **Neon, Big Island,** or even **The Cutting Edge.**"
"I really hated being right all the time."
"He came at me like a frat boy at a basement party; all testosterone and misplaced confidence."
YOU'RE... UH...
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, FRIGHT-CHICK!

"He was fast and agile, just as I was after years training in the ballet."
PWANG
"His powers seemed to be largely martial."
"Anything could be a weapon. And he didn't miss."
"But I was the chosen avatar of an ancient alien fear god."
PANG
PING
"I should have easily destroyed Crossjack's untrained, home-invading ass."
"And yet..."

PWAM
GHH.
"Through the deluded haze of yet another concussion, I had a revelation. One I'd buried beneath self-loathing and fear."
"My relationship with The Fright was largely transactional."
"I gave him my worst impulses. Selfishness. Greed. Sadism."
"In exchange, he gave me unimaginable power. He showed me truths I could never perceive with my fraught human senses."
"But my gift of unleashing him from that deep hole in the world did not make Him mine."

"And he would surely abandon me for more fertile grounds any chance he got."

SYNAPSE GRABS

THE POWER... IT'S...

IT'S...

"This 'hero' was more greedy and selfish than I had ever been."

...ALL MINE!!

CRASH!

"For the first time in our antagonistic relationship, I was happy to see Neon."

"And I could sense that she was *very* happy to see Cross--"

BEEP

OK, THIS IS BULL-SHIT.

THESE CELEBRITY TELL-ALLS ARE ALWAYS FUCKING MADE UP.

IT WASN'T LUST THAT LED ME AFTER JACK. WE DIDN'T SLEEP TOGETHER UNTIL MUCH LATER.

IT WAS CAMO. HE'D TOLD JACK TO GO AFTER STACY.
HE WAS TESTING HIM. TO MAKE SURE HE WAS READY.
BECAUSE MATT DIDN'T WANT SOFT, SMALL-TOWN SUPER-BOYS ON HIS TEAM.
HE WANTED SOLDIERS WHO COULD DO WHATEVER IT TOOK TO WIN.
HE WANTED PEOPLE WHO WOULD PLAY AS DIRTY AS THEIR ENEMIES.
AND JACK XAVER WAS THAT, WHETHER HE WAS READY TO ADMIT IT...
OR NOT.
I MEAN...
THAT'S ONE WAY TO LOOK AT IT...

BUT I THINK YOU KNEW. YOU KNEW FRIGHT-SIDE WELL.
SHE WAS YOUR "ARCHENEMY" AFTER ALL.
FLK

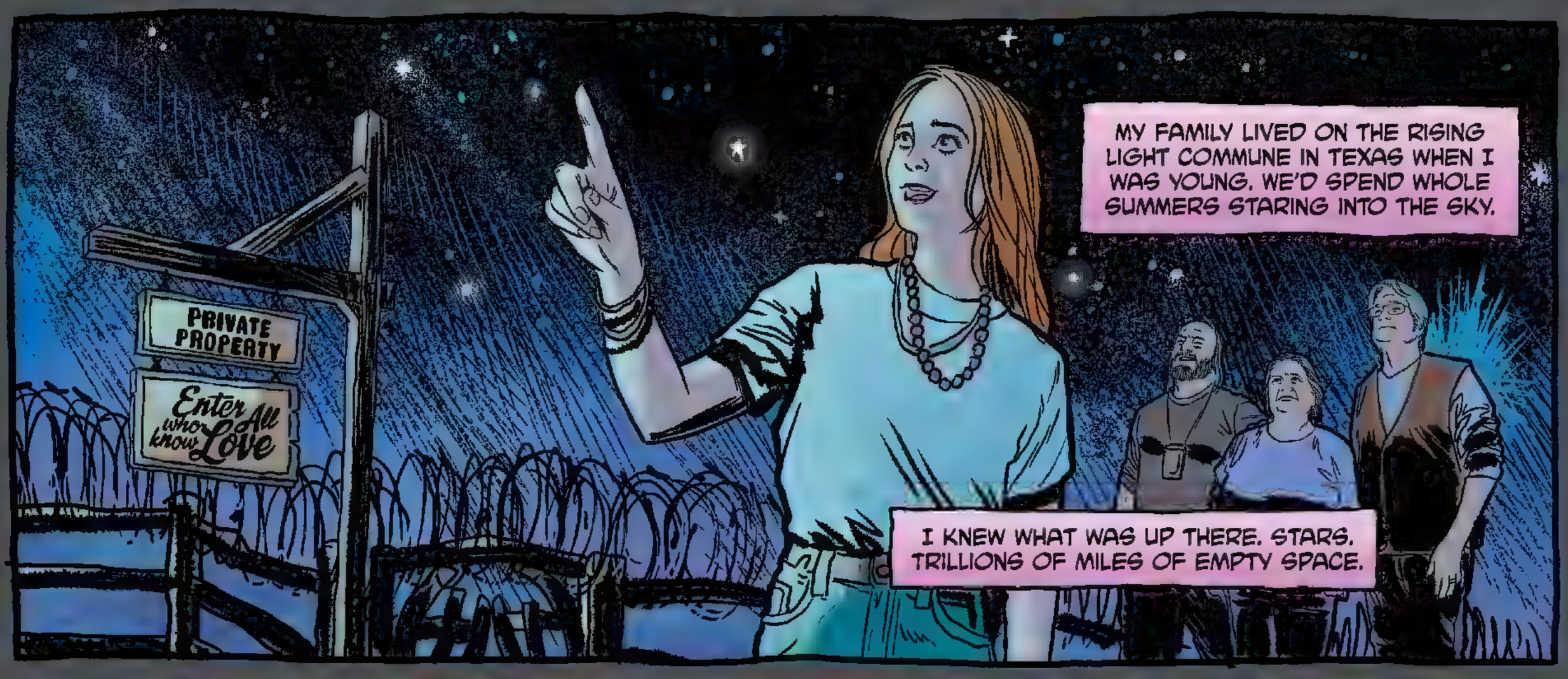
YOU *KNEW* THE FRIGHT WOULD OFFER ITSELF TO JACK.
AND I THINK YOU DIDN'T WANT THIS NEW GUY TO HAVE THAT MUCH MORE POWER THAN *YOU*.

POWER HE DIDN'T EARN. POWER HE'D SQUANDER.
THAT'S WHY I DID WHAT I DID TO SEASCAPE.
BECAUSE I KNEW *I* DESERVED WHAT *JACK* GOT.

I'M MORE LIKE YOU THAN YOU'D EVER LIKE TO ADMIT, *ERICA*.
HA
neon

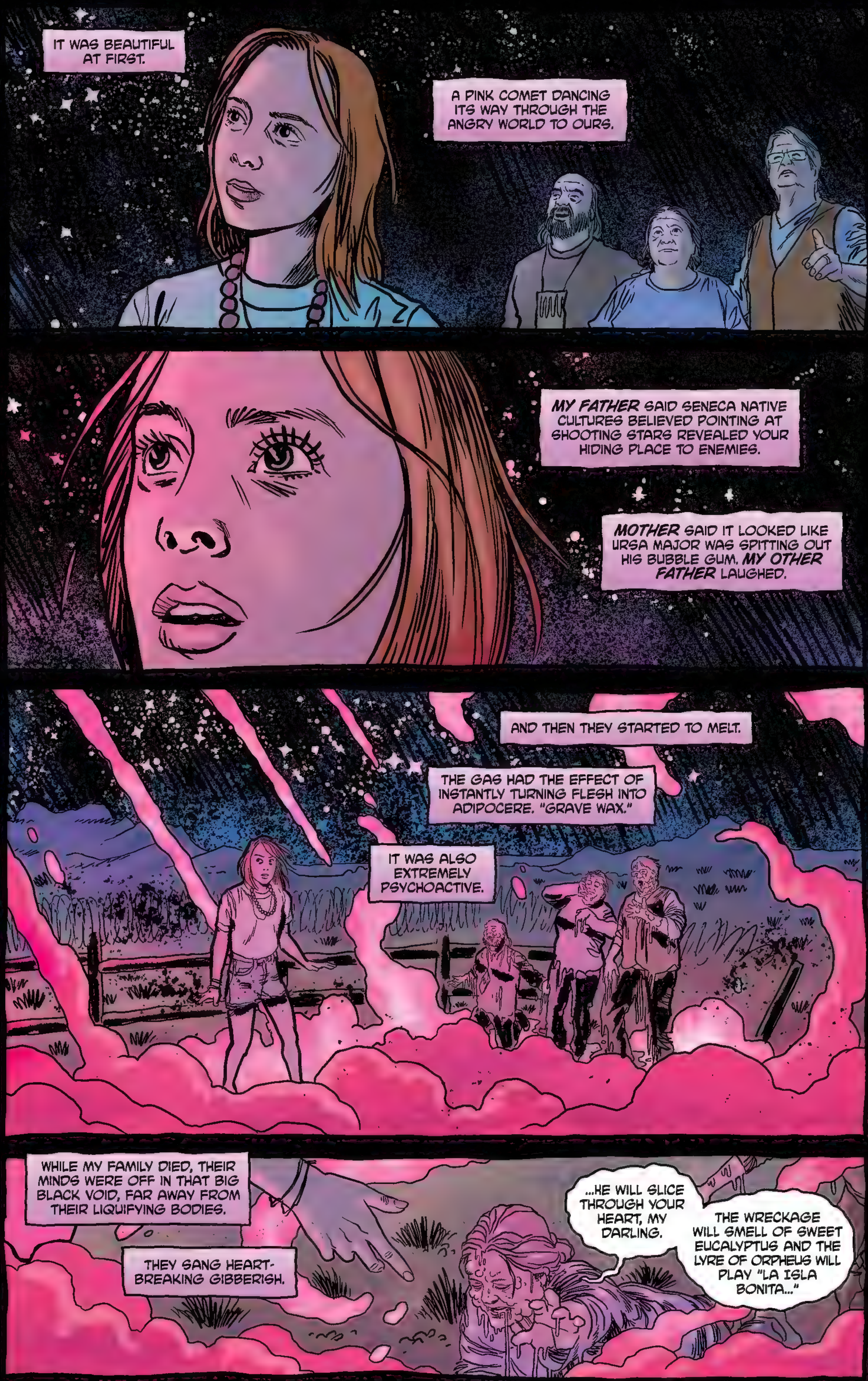
HA HA HA HA HA
neon
YOU ARROGANT FUCKING COUNTRY GIRL.
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME.

neon
THIS ISN'T ONE OF YOUR GROCERY STORE TABLOIDS.
THIS ISN'T A COMIC BOOK...


PRIVATE PROPERTY
Enter All who know Love
MY FAMILY LIVED ON THE RISING LIGHT COMMUNE IN TEXAS WHEN I WAS YOUNG. WE'D SPEND WHOLE SUMMERS STARING INTO THE SKY.
I KNEW WHAT WAS UP THERE. STARS. TRILLIONS OF MILES OF EMPTY SPACE.

MY PARENTS HAD TAUGHT ME THERE WERE NO GODS WATCHING OVER US.
AGENT KURTZ, THE MISSION WAS A SUCCESS...

...SCI-SPY, CYBERSAUR, AND I HAVE CONTAINED THE GASEOUS ANOMALY.
I'LL CONTACT STAR PACT CONCERNING MEANS OF PROPER DISPOSAL.
BAY 13
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, CAMO. THE PENTAGON CONSIDERS THE ANOMALY AN ASSET.
A WEAPON IN THE BATTLE FOR AMERICA'S SOUL.
WE'VE ALREADY GREENLIT ITS DEPLOYMENT.
I DO NOT COMPREHEND. DEPLOYMENT WHERE?
ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS, YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW.


IT WAS BEAUTIFUL AT FIRST.
A PINK COMET DANCING ITS WAY THROUGH THE ANGRY WORLD TO OURS.
MY FATHER SAID SENECA NATIVE CULTURES BELIEVED POINTING AT SHOOTING STARS REVEALED YOUR HIDING PLACE TO ENEMIES.
MOTHER SAID IT LOOKED LIKE URSA MAJOR WAS SPITTING OUT HIS BUBBLE GUM. MY OTHER FATHER LAUGHED.
AND THEN THEY STARTED TO MELT.
THE GAS HAD THE EFFECT OF INSTANTLY TURNING FLESH INTO ADIPOCERE. "GRAVE WAX."
IT WAS ALSO EXTREMELY PSYCHOACTIVE.
WHILE MY FAMILY DIED, THEIR MINDS WERE OFF IN THAT BIG BLACK VOID, FAR AWAY FROM THEIR LIQUIFYING BODIES.
THEY SANG HEART-BREAKING GIBBERISH.
...HE WILL SLICE THROUGH YOUR HEART, MY DARLING.
THE WRECKAGE WILL SMELL OF SWEET EUCALYPTUS AND THE LYRE OF ORPHEUS WILL PLAY "LA ISLA BONITA..."

THE WHOLE COMMUNE WAS THANKING THE MAGENTA FOG FOR SHOWING THEM THE TRUTH OF THE UNIVERSE.

THEIR BODIES MELTED INTO STINKING, WARM PUDDLES.

HIGH LANTERN ERICA.

GOOD HANDS MOSS.

THE FOOD-MAKERS.

THE CARE-TAKERS.

ALL OF THE COOING *FRESH ONES* IN THEIR WICKER CRIBS.

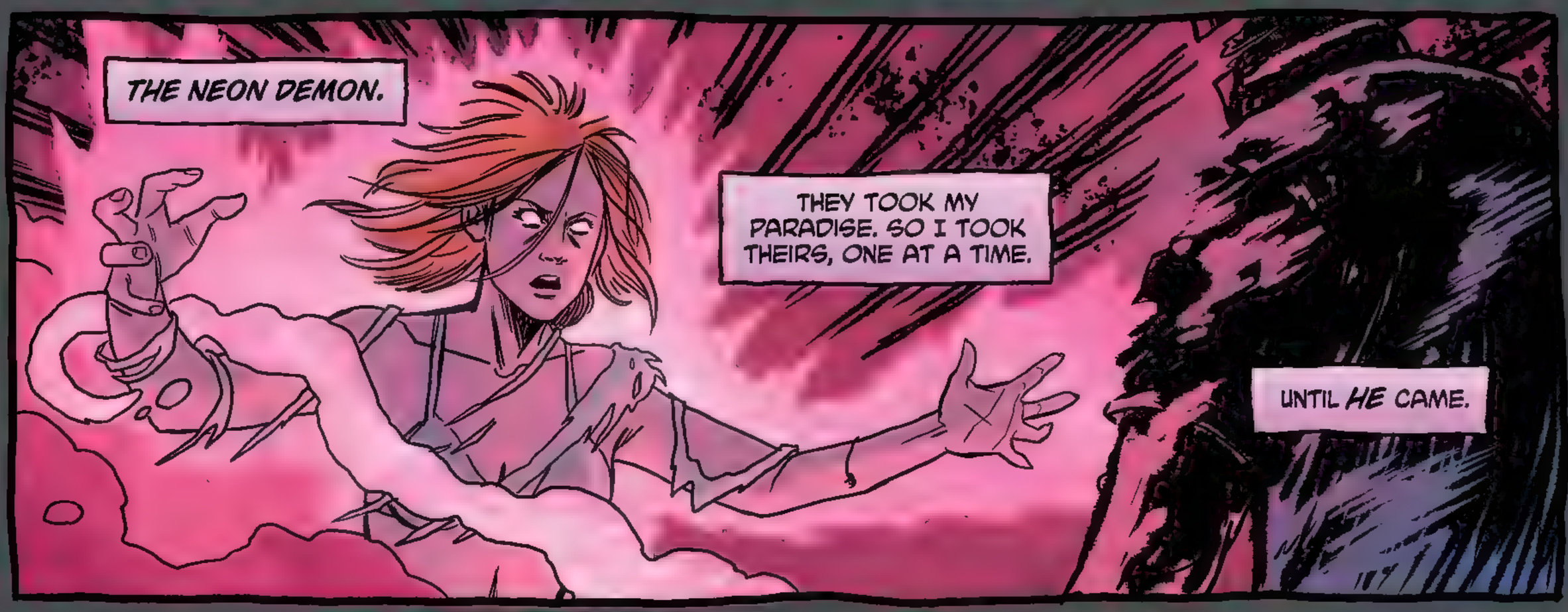
EVERYONE BUT ME.

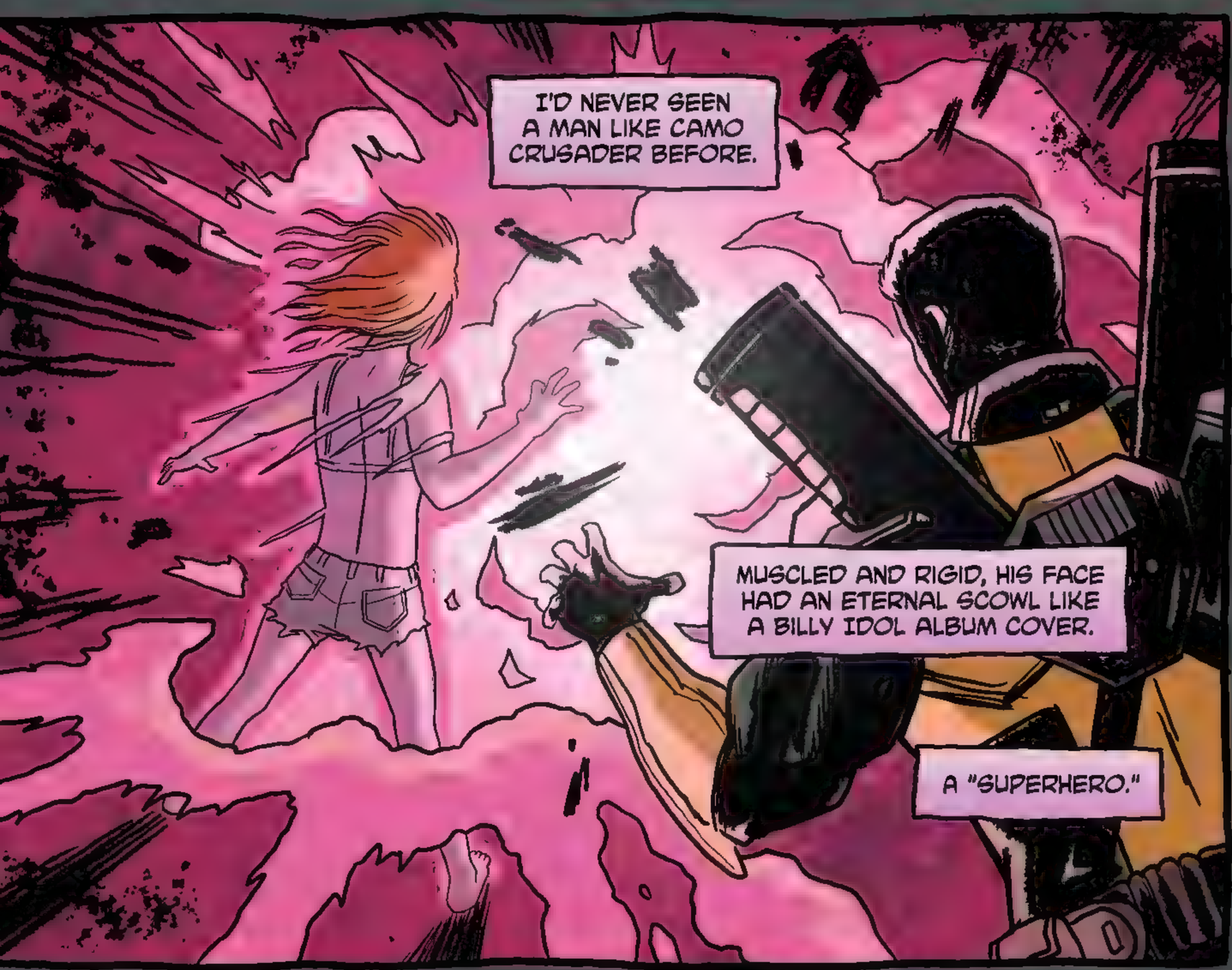
THE NEON MIST HAD SPARED ME.

ITS CURSE HAD COME FROM THE SKY. FROM THE REALM OF GODS. THEY EXISTED.

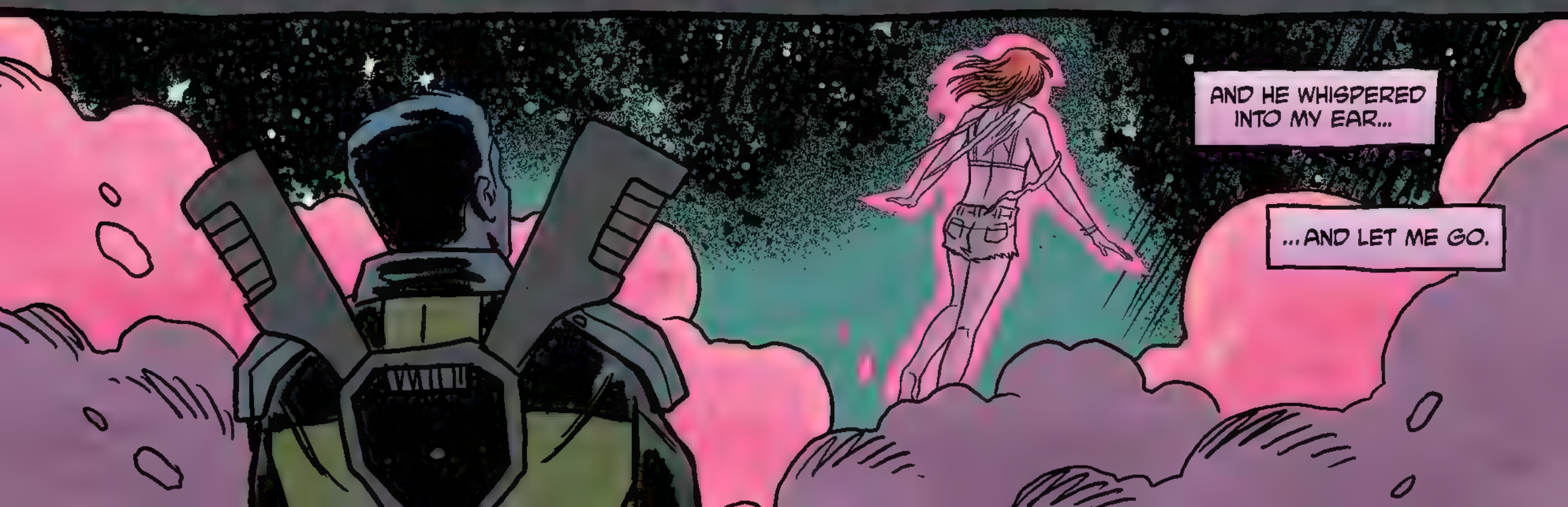
AND I WOULD MAKE THEM REGRET CREATING ME IN THEIR IMAGE.

IN THE COMMUNE, I HADN'T NEEDED A NAME YET.
BUT OUT IN THE ANGRY WORLD, THE PRIESTS AND THE BISHOPS HAD ONE FOR ME.


THE NEON DEMON.
THEY TOOK MY PARADISE. SO I TOOK THEIRS, ONE AT A TIME.
UNTIL HE CAME.

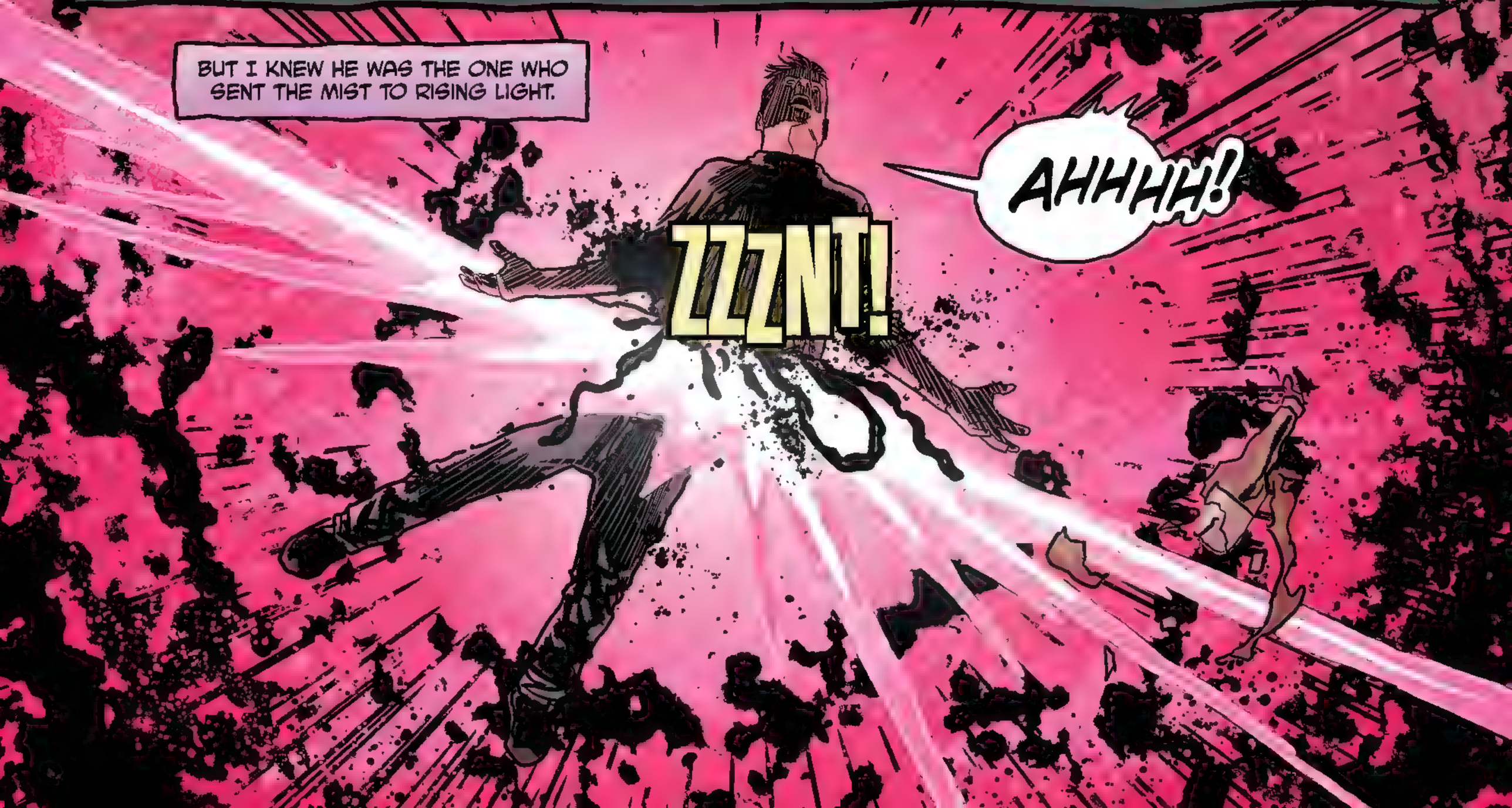

I'D NEVER SEEN A MAN LIKE CAMO CRUSADER BEFORE.
MUSCLED AND RIGID, HIS FACE HAD AN ETERNAL SCOWL LIKE A BILLY IDOL ALBUM COVER.
A "SUPERHERO."

BUT THEN HIS FACE CHANGED.
THE ANOMALY.
INSTEAD OF THROWING HIS BIG FIST, HE PULLED ME CLOSE.


AND HE WHISPERED INTO MY EAR...
...AND LET ME GO.

HIS QUIET WORDS HAD BEEN A NAME AND AN ADDRESS.
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA...
HIS NAME IS...

I USED THE MIST TO CONFIRM I WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.
JOSEPH I. KURTZ.
FBI, 1952-1981.
CIA SPECIALIST. ANTI-GOVERNMENT LEFTIST GROUPS. 1981-1988.
DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE, CURRENT.
A STEW OF LETTERS I DIDN'T KNOW THEN.


BUT I KNEW HE WAS THE ONE WHO SENT THE MIST TO RISING LIGHT.
ZZZNT!
AHHHH!

HE DIDN'T THANK THE MAGENTA FOG FOR MAKING HIM INTO A STINKING WARM PUDDLE.

SECOND GEN WAS DISSOLVED. BUT A NEW FORCE TOOK ITS PLACE.

CAMO CRUSADER'S ROSTER.

SOLDIERS WHO COULD DO WHATEVER IT TOOK TO WIN.

WE STAND FOR JUSTICE NOW.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS...

ASK OUR OLD BUDDY AGENT KURTZ.

PEOPLE WHO WOULD PLAY AS DIRTY AS THEIR ENEMIES.

AND WE DON'T DO SACRILEGE HERE.

NO MORE "DEMON."

AND NEON?

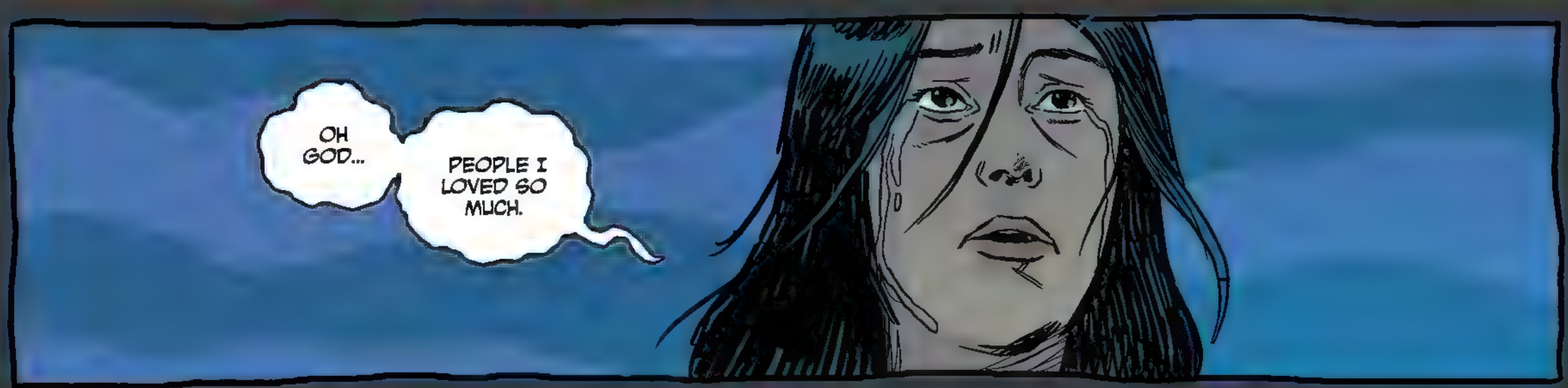
...AVENGE NOT YOURSELVES, BUT RATHER GIVE PLACE UNTO WRATH:

FOR IT IS WRITTEN "VENGEANCE IS MINE, I WILL REPAITH, SAITH THE LORD."

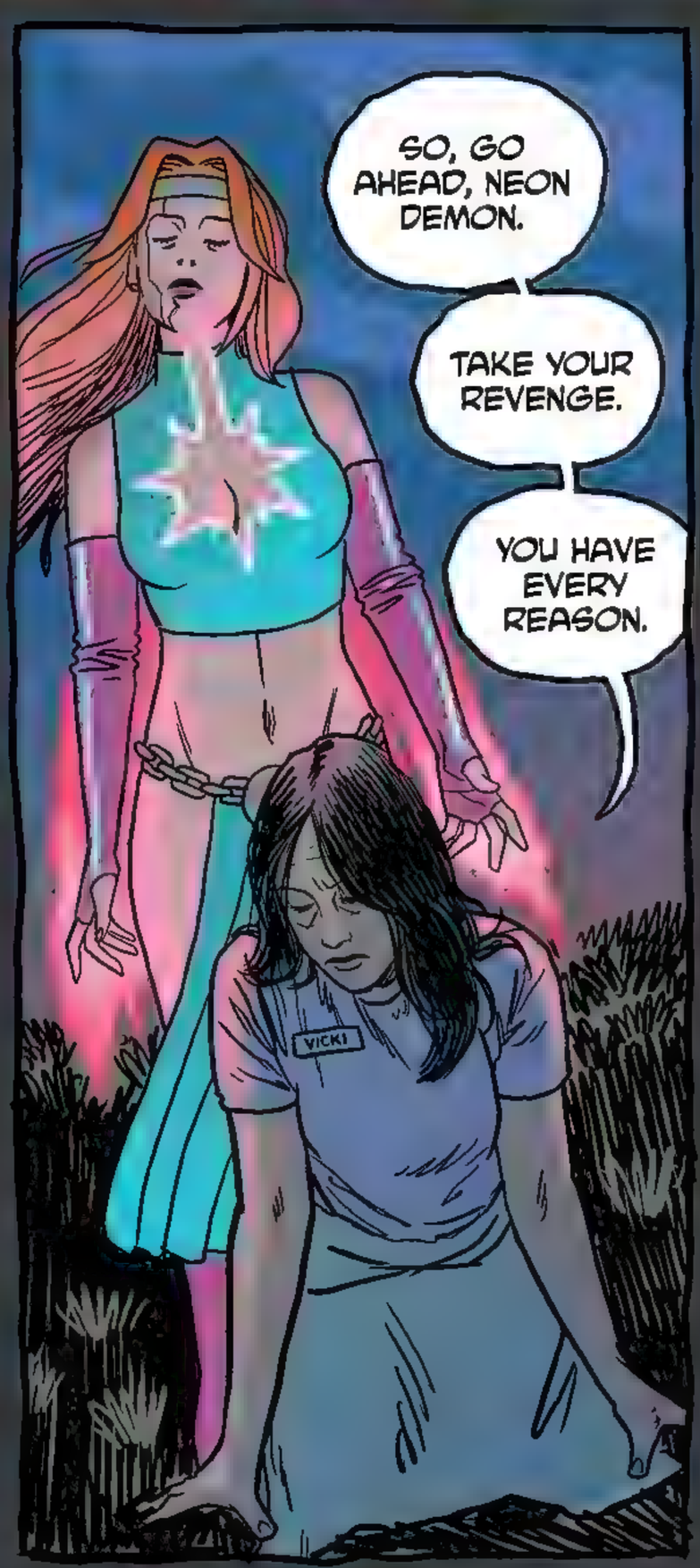
CAMO HAD FOUND HIS NEW SOLDIER.

I HAD FOUND MY GOD.

LOOK... I KNOW I...
I DID THINGS. I HURT PEOPLE. REALLY HURT THEM.
CAMO CRUSADER. CARL BULLOCH. FOURTH GEN. MACKENZIE CHENG.
PEOPLE I CARED ABOUT. PEOPLE I LOVED.


OH GOD...
PEOPLE I LOVED SO MUCH.

BUT YOU'D HAVE DONE EXACTLY WHAT I DID, ERICA.
BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHEN YOU HAVE POWER...
THE ONLY SIN IS NOT USING IT.


SO, GO AHEAD, NEON DEMON.
TAKE YOUR REVENGE.
YOU HAVE EVERY REASON.
VICKI

AND YOU HAVE THE POWER.

I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU.
THAT WASN'T THE POINT OF MY STORY.
I EVEN FEEL SOME RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR ACTIONS. IF MY LATE HUSBAND HADN'T BEEN WRAPPED UP IN ALL THAT FARMINGTON SCIENCE FAIR...
YOU'D BE SAFE AT HOME WITH YOUR POLICEMAN.
THE POINT WAS: CAMO CRUSADER...
MATHEW GAVE ME A BEAUTIFUL GIFT. HE TOLD ME WHERE TO FIND THAT MONSTER.
HE TRUSTED ME WITH THE GIFT OF VENGEANCE.
DID YOU KILL JACK'S FATHER, INGA? JUST TO BUY YOURSELF TIME?
OR DID BEN XAVER'S HEART GIVE OUT ON ITS OWN?
I WAS RAISED SOFT. WRAPPED IN THE LOVING, COMFORTING ARMS OF PACIFISM.
AND I BELIEVE IN THE VIRTUE OF ETHICAL NON-MONOGAMY.
Enter All who know Love
BUT I ALSO BELIEVE A GIRL DESERVES SOME CONTRADICTION EVERY NOW AND THEN...

YOU HURT MY BOYFRIEND.

AND I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE FUCK WITH MY THINGS.

I KNOW WHERE YOU ARE AND I KNOW WHERE YOU'LL BE.

...WHAT?

STEP ONE TOE OUT OF LINE AND I'LL GIVE JACK THE SAME GIFT CAMO CRUSADER GAVE ME...

I'LL TELL HIM WHERE TO FIND YOU.

NEXT: LOST ONES

LOCAL MASTERWORKS

a *fine* art gallery by
SELINA J
ofselina.com

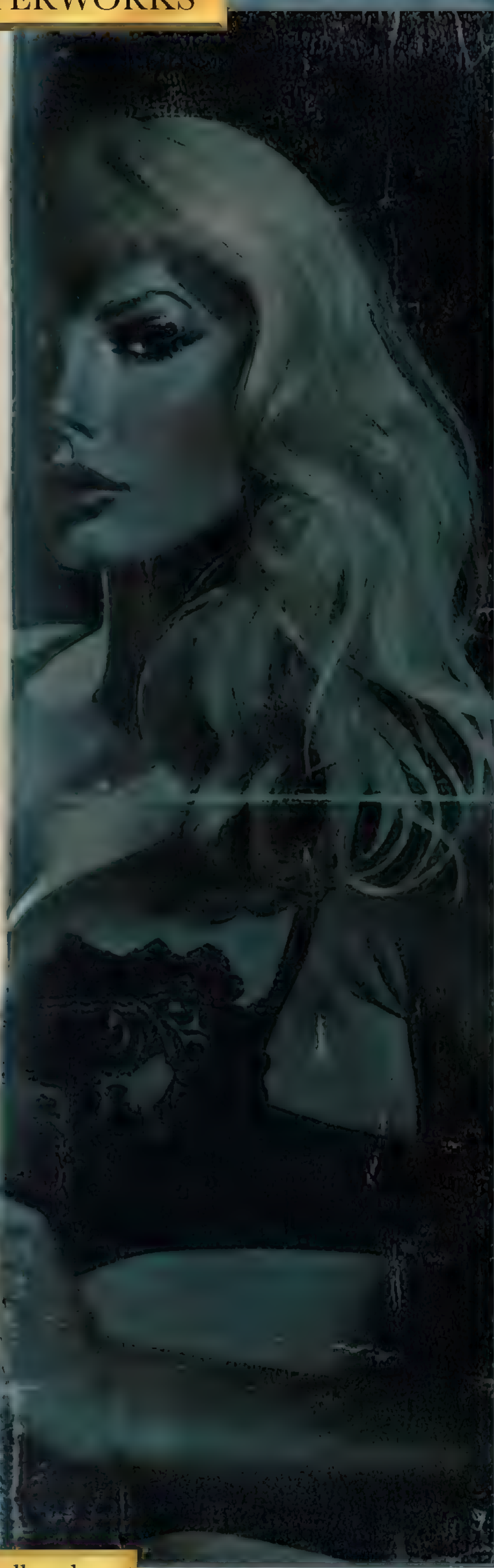
LOCAL MASTERWORKS

a *fine* art gallery by
SELINA J
ofselina.com

a *fine* art gallery by
SELINA J
ofselina.com

a *fine* art gallery by
SELINA J
ofselina.com

Do not fear the darker side



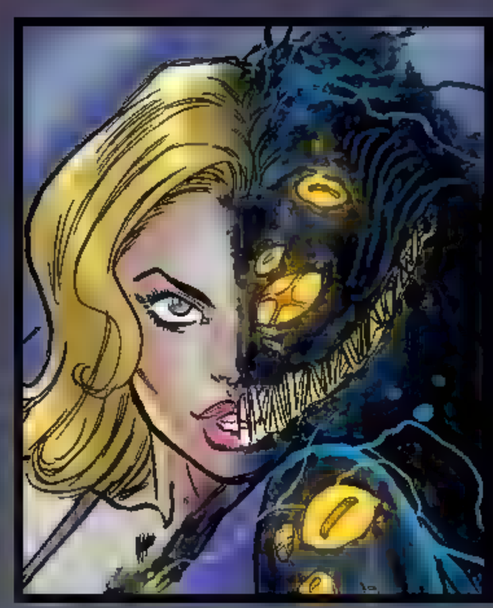
Bad Girls

a *fine* art gallery by
SELINA J
ofselina.com

a *fine* art gallery by
SELINA J
ofselina.com

ART BY BRETT BOOTH W/ BRIAN REBER

FRIGHTSIDE

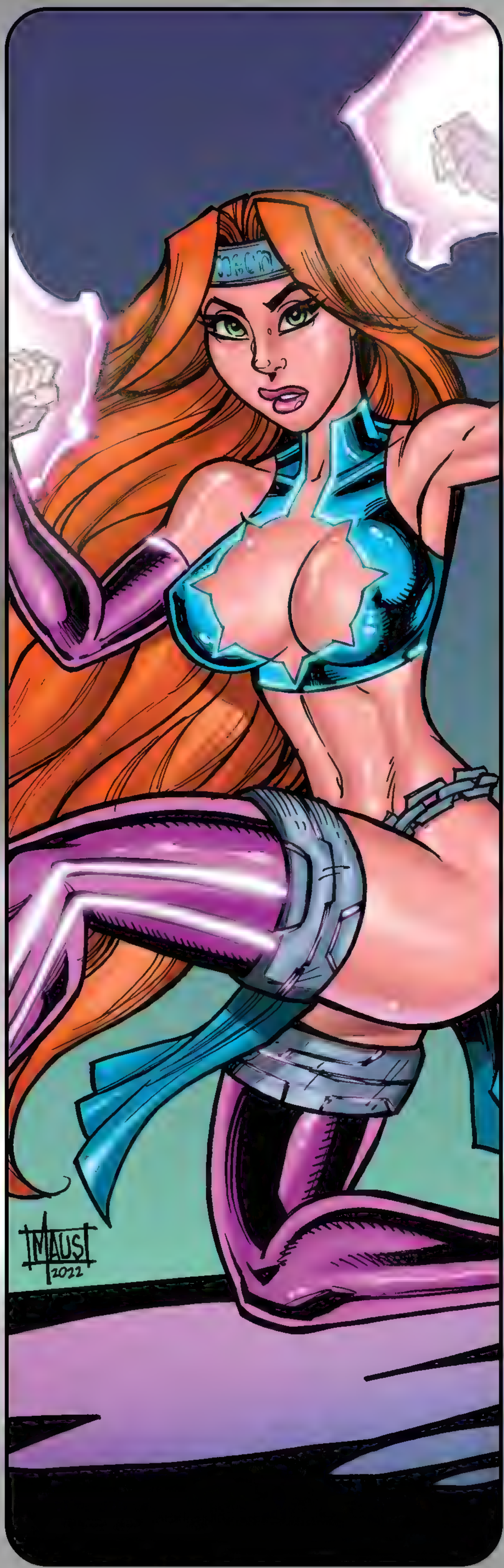


Real Name:
Stacy Wohl

Occupation: Author/Self Help Guru, Former Ballerina
Identity: Public
Date of Birth: 12/08/70
Place of Birth: Las Vegas, Nevada
Legal Status: Citizen of United States with criminal record
Group Affiliation: The Desolators
Base of Operations:Las Vegas, NV
First Appearance: LOCAL MAN #1

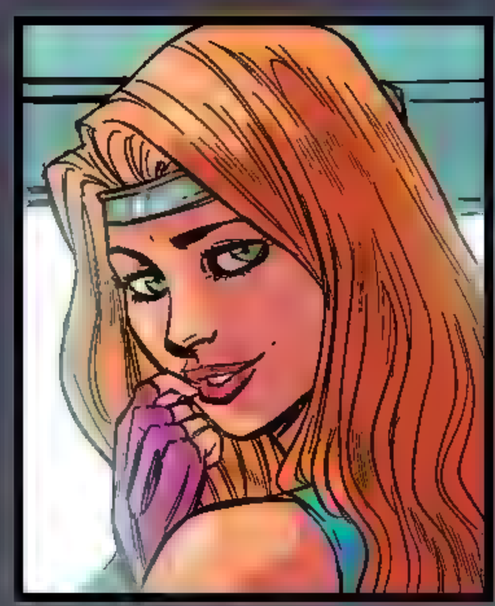
Powers: Frightside can control and manipulate "fright matter," a dark, amorphous material generated by the interdimensional entity known as The Fright. Though she has typically used this material to create offensive and defensive constructs, the exact limits of this matter is largely unexplored. The Fright also grants its user enhanced strength, speed, resilience and vision, invisibility in low light conditions and a healing factor.

History: Stacy Wohl was a ballerina with the Nevada Ballet Theatre. By her mid 20s, it was clear she had hit a wall, and her career was effectively stagnant. Stacy became embittered and obsessed with her competition, namely a young dancer named Ariel Wick. One night while training together in the theater, Stacy accidentally unleashed a trapped entity called The Fright. After leaving Ariel Wick badly beaten, Stacy fought back against the full influence of the Fright, denying it Ariel's murder. She remained in a state of flux with The Fright, able to access its power, but never fully pressussed. Seeing no future for herself in the arts, and on the run from the law, Stacy started the mercenary unit called The Desolators.



ART BY BILL MAUS

NEON



Real Name:
Erica Moss
(Assumed)

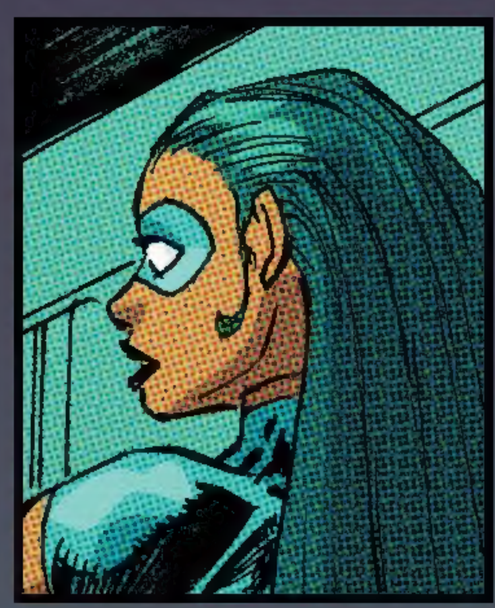
Occupation: Superhero
Identity: Secret
Date of Birth: 7/29/81
Place of Birth: Unincorporated, TX
Legal Status: Citizen of United States with no criminal record
Known Relatives: Camo Crusader (husband)
Group Affiliation: Third Gen
Base of Operations: Anaheim, CA
First Appearance: LOCAL MAN #1

Powers: Neon is infused with an uncategorized "fog" made up of gasses of unknown origin, known to have been captured by Second Gen after it was responsible for the death of several thousand miners on the outskirts of the Disputed Empire. Neon can use the pink mist to levitate, generate laser light, and other lower intensity forms of light, as well as influence minds and obscure herself from perception.

History: "Erica Moss" was born into a commune, with no need for a name, and no loyalty to the American corporate capitalist nation. When a rogue CIA agent named Joe Kurtz unleashed the gas on the commune, Erica was the only survivor, and by some unknown virtue was able to control and manipulate it. Becoming known as The Neon Demon, Moss began murdering religious leaders and government officials she deemed responsible. After having her revenge on Kurtz, Neon was recruited into the newly formed Third Gen.

ART BY JOE BENITEZ W/ BRIAN REBER

SEASCAPE



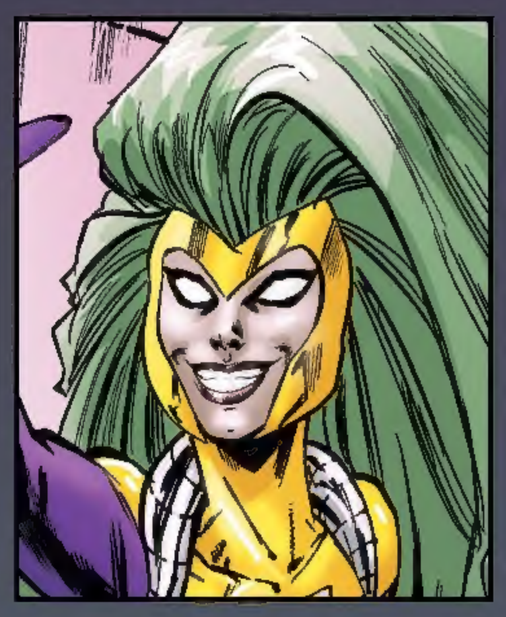
Real Name:
Unknown

Occupation: Guardian of Streams and Rivers
Identity:Secret
Date of Birth: Unknown. Presumably thousands of years ago.
Place of Birth: Dornoch, UK
Group Affiliation: Fourth Gen
Base of Operations: Farmington, WI
First Appearance: LOCAL MAN #5

Powers: Generates/projects water. Liquid based telekenisis. Shape-shifting.

History: Little is known of the woman known as Seascape, other than that she was discovered by Lovebunny on a patrol of rural Scotland. Local legends tell of a wild blue horse in the area going back hundreds of years, and one local pub claims to have her bridle, though few can remember if they've seen it. Local boys have long claimed to have played with a laughing girl in the streams near the River Evelix, while the disappearance of some trout fishermen has been linked to a wrathful spirit.

THE SIXTH EXTINCTION



Real Name:
Dr. Monique Galludet

Occupation: Evil Scientist
Identity: Secret
Date of Birth: 4/12/56
Place of Birth: Saint-Augustin-de-Dessmaures, Quebec, Canada.
Legal Status: Citizen of Canada with criminal record
Base of Operations: Ellesmeres Island, Canada.
First Appearance: Local Man: Bad Girls

Powers: She has no superpowers of her own, but is a genius inventor, capable of creating devices with global doomsday level applications. She also appears to have been able to slow her own aging, possibly with the regenerative substances in her hair.

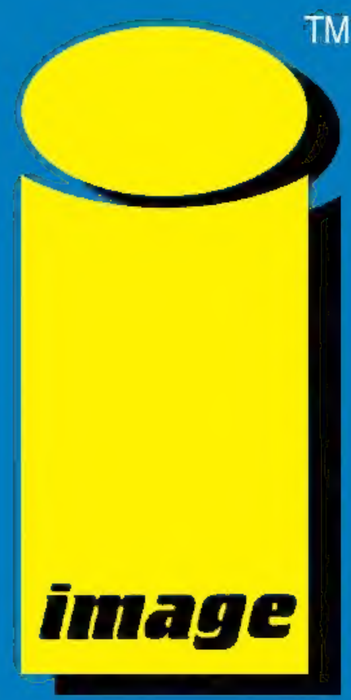
History: Dr. Monique Galludet was born with a genetic anomaly that infused her hair with chlorophyll giving it a green hue. According to her, this also connected her directly to the earth, meaning she could communicate with it, and sense its pain. This has never been independently verified. Nonetheless, this led her to study environmental preservation, and earn several graduate degrees in various sciences. In the early 80s, she began to construct various devices in an attempt to reduce the population of humanity on earth, and avert a coming environmental apocalypse. This put her in direct conflict with a number of superhero teams including The First Generation, and later Second Gen.

ART BY TIM SEELEY

LOCAL MAN™

#10

SEELEY
FLEECS
SIMPSON
SOBREIRO
REBER



COMIN' AT YA IN MAY '24

TIM SEELEY AND BRIAN REBER

RATED M / MATURE

ZONE